Welcome Home

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at http://archiveofourown.org/works/42846537.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandoms:	Polar (2019), Blood and Chocolate (2007)
Relationship:	Aiden (Blood and Chocolate)/Duncan Vizla | Black Kaiser
Characters:	Aiden (Blood and Chocolate), Duncan Vizla | Black Kaiser
Additional Tags:	Engagement, Age Difference, Stockings, Cock Slut, Wall Sex, Flexibility, Top Duncan Vizla | Black Kaiser, Bottom Aiden, Retirement, Possessive Behavior, Jealousy?, Podfic Welcome
Language:	English
Series:	Part 14 of Kinktober 2022
Collections:	Kinktober 2022 Collection
Stats:	Published: 2022-10-14 Words: 1,975 Chapters: 1/1

Welcome Home

by chaoswashere_X

Summary

Aiden has a little scandalous surprise for his fiancé, Duncan, as thanks for all the spoiling he recieves.

Duncan very much enjoys his surprise.

Kinktober Day 14: Stockings

Duncan never saw himself settling down, his dangerous job made it hard to even imagine what domestic life would be like. But once his retirement neared, he tried his best to learn through watching movies about married couples.

But now, 3 years later, he realizes how useless and unrealistic that research was.

What he has is much, much better than all those straight, young adult couples had.

Being engaged to a twenty four year old as a retired man is not exactly praised both in real life, and in the entertainment industry.

In a few of the movies he watched to prepare for domestic life, it was often that the old man would go off and date ladies younger than their daughters, leaving their wives in a stormy fit.

Duncan only has the unapproving glances from mothers in the town shops to worry about. No wives. No daughters. No family, period.

Aiden is young enough to be his child, certainly.

But he's his fiancé. And god, Duncan can't get enough of him. He spoils the boy rotten, and Aiden has no problem showing his gratitude.

There's many ways he'll show it, and right next to acts of service, this is Duncan's personal favorite.

When Duncan returns from his weekly errand run into town, he finds Aiden in his cabin, laid out on the plush leather couch.. naked all but for a pair of striped white and blue thigh high stockings.

This is Duncan's favorite form of Aiden's gratitudes because he knows that Aiden feels powerful when he wields his body, seducing someone who has already buckled for him prior.

And.. it's fucking hot. How could this not be his favorite? Like, come on.

Aiden's dick is rock hard, curved up into his stomach with how his hips are angled in his comfortable lying position. He shifts when he acknowledges Duncan's presence.

"Welcome home.. I've been waiting for you."

Duncan sets down the boxes he was holding onto the kitchen table, left to be dealt with later.

"Have you?" Duncan teases, he shucks off his winter coat and hangs it up. His eyes don't leave his lover for even a second. They comb greedily over the boy's pale skin.

Aiden gives a groan, one put out for dramatics, expressing his impatience. "I'm getting cold over here all alone, old man."

Duncan's lips quirk into a smirk, pleased with how forward his fiancé is being. To be fair, he's always very forward. That's just who Aiden is, and Duncan loves him for it. It makes his life easier when Aiden can talk for the both of them.

"Come warm me up.." Aiden whines when Duncan moves away from him to fetch a glass of expensive whiskey. "I'm going to freeze to death."

When Duncan glances over his shoulder to look, Aiden wraps his arms around himself and shimmies his legs against each other to emphasize his argument about how cold he is. But Duncan knows better than to fall for his tricks.. the raging erection between his lover's legs suggests that he's plenty warm, blood flowing just fine.

Duncan pretends not to be affected, pouring the whiskey slowly with his back turned to the needy boy behind him. He ignores the slow pull of blood trying to fill his cock in response to such a beautiful sight.

He used to need the blue pill to get it up for any of the sex workers he hired while he was working.. but now, all he needs to do to get it up is just look at Aiden when he's desperate like this. He can pop one up in no time when his darling boy begs for it.. He just needs a little stimulation for it to be usable.

Aiden rolls his eyes and hops up from the couch, impatient in his desire, he walks over to stand behind his older fiancé. Aiden is growing impatient with Duncan's fake disinterest.

"Come on, Duncan.."

Duncan raises the glass to his lips, sipping on the liquor with a glance over his shoulder. He makes no acknowledgment of Aiden's presence behind him. Until, Aiden is on him, one arm wrapped around his chest, and the other traveling south at an increasing rate.

Duncan can't help but groan when Aiden grabs hold of the outline of his cock, clothed within stiff jeans. Aiden is pleased with the open reaction, he knows how hard it is to catch Duncan off guard enough to pull sounds from him.

"I got dressed up all pretty for you." Aiden rubbed his face into Duncan's soft, black sweater as he spoke, "Are you really going to let my efforts go to waste?" He frowns into Duncan's back, hoping that the older man can feel it take shape.

Duncan turns slowly, and Aiden allows it, loosening his grip just enough. Duncan brings his scarred hands up to cup his naked delight's stubble covered cheeks. They just stare affectionately at one another for a minute, then Aiden reaches up to pull Duncan down, clashing their lips together with restrained passion released.

Duncan's hands wander on Aiden's torso, but decide to rest on the plump, bare ass only a second later. He massages the flesh between his hands, working over the soft skin with gentle, but firm squeezes and pulls.

Aiden gasps into Duncan's mouth when his fingers find Aiden's extra little surprise. Duncan's dick gives a pulse as he pushes against the plug rested between Aiden's plump ass

cheeks.

With how fast he's filling out, he's starting to think he won't even need any stimulation to get fully erect tonight. The image of the pretty stockings are really stuck within Duncan's brain.

He slips the plug out after a few more tugs and pushes, and he sets it aside gently. He's just as gentle, but quicker when he scoops Aiden up into his arms. His legs lock around Duncan's back in surprise, being hoisted up like this is not something he's used to.

Duncan grunts only once when he takes his first step towards the wall, and that's the only sign he gives that Aiden might weigh anything to him.

Aiden takes this opportunity to undo Duncan's belt, his artist fingers have given him an advantage. He slips out the belt from the buckle easily, then slides the belt off of Duncan's hips entirely, dropping it on the floor out of the way from his lover's pathway.

Aiden winces when he feels the cold wall against his back, but a thrill of excitement shoots through him at this new experience. He grips onto Duncan's pants as his throat is attacked, soft kisses and sucks turning into love bites within a few seconds.

Aiden uses his grip of Duncan's pants to pull them down, the action made more difficult by his limited reach. But gravity helps. He's able to drop Duncan's pants down to his ankles, and his hands are greedy when they reach for the hem of Duncan's sweater. It's much harder to do this, because his legs are locked around Duncan's midsection, but he manages.

Duncan's kisses and bites have traveled down from Aiden's neck to his chest by the time he starts searching for the waistband on Duncan's boxers. Duncan takes one hand away from Aiden's body and uses the wall to support the younger man. He helps Aiden remove his boxers, and he groans when he realizes he will most certainly not need any kind of stimulation to get his erection to the point where he will be able to penetrate. It's already at that point.

He grabs his dick with one hand, and slaps the up tip against Aiden's wet, stretched hole. He slips in the tip slowly, using just the tiniest bit of pressure from his hips. He continues at the same pace with the rest of his length, burying himself slowly as Aiden pants against his shoulder.

Using his free hand now, he scoops up Aiden's leg from his hip, and slings it on his elbow, pressing his palm into the cold wall. Duncan knows that Aiden is flexible, but now he's truly testing just how flexible.

He pulls the other leg up to rest on his other elbow, and he's effectively folded his young, beautiful fiancé in half. He stops to admire the view, Aiden is so perfectly spread for him, and those fucking stockings are just making this experience all the more beautiful. He pushes against his palms and pulls out a few inches from where he's buried inside. He kisses Aiden's clothed knee, showing his gratitude.

"If I'd have known these would've brought this out in you-" Aiden leans his head back and groans when Duncan thrusts back inside. "-I would've worn them much fucking sooner."

Duncan laughs at this, and shows very little mercy when he fucks up into the open hole, hips snapping in sharp precision. Aiden can't stop the cry that leaves his lips when one of Duncan's thrusts finds his prostate.

"Ah! Yes, yes, there, there!" Aiden groans, his panting breaths making the pleads sound even more lude than they already are.

Duncan's hips don't stop even when he captures Aiden's lips in an open mouthed kiss. They're not even really kissing, just panting into each other's mouths as their pleasure builds beautifully.

"You're so big.." Aiden whines, his nails digging into Duncan's shoulders in a perfect pain that will definitely leave marks on his already scarred skin.

"You okay?" He gruffs out, his hips snapping with a heavy, fast rhythm. They've started to almost rock together against the wall, racing to their inevitable finish.

"B-better than okay- fuuuuck." Aiden cries, his toes curling in his pretty stockings as his ass is pounded and his prostate abused.

Duncan can feel Aiden's hole and insides squeeze around his cock when he fucks into him. Aiden's sounds have turned practically wanton, and they both know he's damn near spilling already.

Just a few more thrusts, and he's doing just that. His ejaculation is violent and plentiful, he shoots it over his stomach and chest. His orgasm and powerful, and Duncan groans when Aiden's walls contract around him. It's that sweet pressure that pushes Duncan over, and he feels lightheaded when he shoots his load.

"I can't wait to marry you." Aiden breathes out in a breathy laugh, his hands petting the scratch marks that he'd left on Duncan's back.

Duncan kisses his cheek in agreement as he pants, it won't be long now before he'll have to set Aiden down, so for now he basks in the feeling of his weight in his arms.

"Especially since marrying you means your cock is mine and mine alone." Aiden fidgets with the engagement ring on his ring finger.

"It's already yours only, darling." Duncan explains, his eyes fluttering shut as Aiden's fingers work over some of the knots in his back caused by past injuries.

"I might get your cock a ring, too." Aiden teases, "So anyone who tries to use it knows it's taken."

"No one tries to use it, love." Duncan kisses into Aiden's messy curls. "Except you."

"I don't believe you." Aiden pulls back to look into Duncan's eyes in disbelief. "You're such a hunk, surely someone around here is trying to get in your pants."

“Everyone already knows I belong to you, Aiden.” Duncan assures, kissing Aiden’s shocked expression off of his pretty face.

“They better.” He sighs contently, then makes a face of discomfort. “I do think my hamstrings might snap if I’m stretched like this any longer, though.”

Duncan smiles gently, and adjusts quickly so Aiden is more in a bridal style hold, much more comfortable, and much less rough on his body.

Though, Duncan knows Aiden likes it rough. But right now, cuddling on the warm bedsheets isn’t so bad for either of them.

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